

Story #129 (Tape #11, 1961-62)

Narrator: Ahmet Uyar

Location: Zir, renamed Uluköy (1965)
in kaza of Yenimahalle, in
Ankara Province

Date: January 28, 1962

My Count Is Six Donkeys

Nasreddin Hoca once went to haul wood from the forest for himself and four of his neighbors. He was to bring home one donkey load of wood for himself and one for each of his neighbors. Before he left his village, he counted the donkeys and was satisfied that he had five of them. After riding a way he dozed a little, and when he woke up, he wished to be sure that he still had all of his donkeys, and so he counted them: "One, two, three, four---- But where is the fifth donkey?" He counted several times but could never find more than four of the donkeys. Finally, he appealed to a stranger who came riding along the same road.

"Selâmunaleyküm," he said.

"Aleykümselâm," answered the stranger.

"Efendi, I should appreciate your help," said the Hoca. "I left home with five donkeys, but now I seem to have only four. See--there is one, and that one is two, and that one makes three, and that one is four. Do I now have four or five donkeys?"

Realizing that Hoca had forgotten to count the animal on which he was sitting, the stranger replied, "No, Hoca--you are wrong. There are neither four nor five donkeys. My count is six!"